

The Golden Girl Companion Pieces by creativewoman88

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Summary:

Basically just companion pieces to The Golden Girl, as the title says. The Golden Girl is mostly rated T aside from a few sections, so this is where I'm letting the smut come out to play. Basically these are scenes that I just feel would have interrupted the flow of the story itself and would've made me up the rating. Anyway, enjoy!

1. Chapter 1

A few days had passed since Jessica's birthday party and even though she and Steve had ventured into the realm of a physical relationship, not much had changed otherwise. Not that she'd thought it would, but she was glad nothing had become awkward with them.

If anything, Steve was even more affectionate than ever and she loved it.

At the moment, Jessica was in her room getting ready for a date she and Steve were going on. It was nothing fancy, just dinner at a local burger place, but she still wanted to look nice for him.

She was wearing a black shirt that hung loosely over her right shoulder, a black tank top underneath. Both shirts were a little on the short side and showed about two inches of her midriff, which led down to a dark green skirt that flowed to just above her knees.

It was April now, so the days were warmer while the nights continued to get a bit chilly, but she was foregoing leggings for the sake of her outfit. She added a pair of black flats just because she didn't feel like wearing heels or boots.

Steve was picking her up at seven because he'd had practice after school and needed time to go home and get ready himself. He arrived about fifteen minutes early, however, and she was just getting done with her hair when he showed up at her bedroom door.

He knocked quietly and she turned to him. He was wearing a dark blue shirt with jeans and sneakers. His hair was styled like it normally was, a little longer than it had been just a month ago.

"Hey," she said, smiling and gesturing him to come in.

When he reached her he pulled her to him for a long embrace. She wrapped her arms around him as well.

"You look so good," he said.

She felt her face heat up at the compliment because she had actually

tried to dress up and that he noticed made her feel good.

"Thank you," she said, looking up.

She brushed her lips against his before stepping away.

"Come on. I want ice cream."

Jessica ended up forgoing ice cream and ordered a chocolate milkshake instead. Steve knew that meant she was going to be dipping her fries in it even though he still thought that was weird and disgusting. Since he didn't have to be the one eating them that way, he guessed it didn't matter.

Music was playing in the background – some Queen song – and Steve listened to it in between strains of conversation he and Jessica were having.

"So . . . uh, I still need to ask mom about spring break," Jessica said, dipping a chicken tender in some ketchup.

"You don't think she'll let you go?"

Jessica had told him that she didn't think it would be a problem, but what if she'd changed her mind.

"No, I think she will. I just haven't had time alone with her to ask."

Steve watched as she looked down at the table, almost shy now. She didn't usually get that way with him.

"What?"

"I'm just . . . I'm glad we're still going on dates."

"Of course we're still going on dates." He let his foot gently kick against hers. "Why wouldn't we go on dates anymore?"

She shrugged. "Because you already have me. And you know, sometimes that means the dates stop because –"

"What a guy does to get a girl is what he needs to do to keep her,"

Steve said. "I mean . . . otherwise it's false advertising, right?"

Steve had been joking about the last part, but it caused her to grin and laugh a little, so at least it hadn't been for nothing.

Once they were both done eating, they sat there long enough for Jessica to finish her milkshake and then they both stood up to leave. He pulled her to him and nuzzled against her neck, which made her laugh. He could either make her feel really good messing with her neck or he could tickle her. This time he chose to tickle because they were in a public place.

She poked him in the side, which kind of tickled him too, and he placed a quick kiss on the skin right below her ear before letting her go so he could go pay for their meals.

Jessica waited for him and then they walked to his car where he opened the door for her and closed it once she was situated. He hurried around the car to slip into the driver's side.

He started the car but didn't put it into gear because he felt as Jessica slipped a hand into the hair at the back of his neck. He looked at her and couldn't stop the smile from forming on his face when he noticed how softly she was looking at him.

"What?"

"I just love you."

"I love you too."

"Can we – can we wait to go home? Go somewhere . . . more private?"

Steve placed a hand on her leg near her knee and said, "You sure? Just because we fooled around the other day doesn't mean –"

"I know. I just . . . wanna be close to you. Okay?"

He squeezed her leg once and said, "Okay."

Not too long after that they found themselves at the quarry. This was

where most people came to park, but they parked at the bottom, closer to the water, whereas Steve had parked on top near the edge of the cliff. He'd known Jessica would want to be away from prying eyes since she wanted to be closer to him.

That was how they ended up in the back of his car, Jessica straddling his lap – which Steve definitely was not going to complain about – with his hands underneath the back of her overshirt, his fingers sinking into the skin not covered by her tank-top.

Her legs were shaking a bit, but she was still kissing him and pushing her fingers through his hair, tugging just enough to make Steve shiver underneath her.

She pulled away from the kiss and Steve could see her grin – it was one he hadn't seen before on her, but was still great, full of desire. Her deep blue eyes held a hint of mischievousness in them as she reached down and began pulling his shirt up and letting her fingers play over his stomach and chest.

"Jess?"

"Take it off? Don't want you to make a mess."

That . . . was actually a very good idea, so he let her push the shirt up and over his head. She was still grinning, but it was softer now as she leaned back in to kiss him again.

This was something Steve was not used to. He was used to being the one to make sure his partner felt good and did everything he could to bring them pleasure. But Jessica was very much making sure he was the one receiving attention at the moment.

Steve placed his hands on her bare legs, thankful that she had decided to wear a skirt, and traced his fingers upwards, stopping when the tips of his fingers reached just underneath her skirt. When she didn't say anything against it, he continued his upwards trail, squeezing and releasing on the way.

It wasn't until she began rocking against him that he let out a groan and cursed underneath his breath. He let his hands grip her behind,

felt the lace of her panties, and let his hips begin to thrust up to meet hers.

Her head fell back and he attached his lips to her neck, sucking a little harder than he normally would allow himself to. He really wasn't worried about marks at the moment.

"Steve," she said and pulled away. She didn't seem to want to stop, however. She just pulled her overshirt off, which gave Steve a lot more skin to work with. He was surprised when the tank top followed, and she was left in a navy-blue bra. It was lace as well. He wondered if it matched her panties.

She was still circling her hips and he was just about gone. He moved one hand to the front of her skirt and stroked his thumb against the apex of her thighs, again making sure she was okay with it before continuing.

She bucked against his hand, giving him the answer he needed, and then suddenly he was maneuvering her onto the seat so he could be on top of her. She gasped at the change of position before giving a small laugh and meeting him halfway so they could continue kissing.

Being on top made it easier for Steve to do what he wanted to do, which was to be able to touch her in a way that would make her feel good. He moved her panties to the side and slid a finger through her wetness. The sound Jessica made was caught between their mouths, but she pulled away to say, "Don't stop."

Steve wasn't planning on it. To be honest, the last time they'd fooled around he'd touched her only through her panties, so the fact that he was actually touching her skin this time was new. He was glad she seemed to enjoy it.

It didn't take her long to reach her peak at all and she barely gave herself any time to recover before she was reaching for him again. She struggled briefly with the belt of his jeans, which he found endearing. She pushed his jeans and boxers down just enough to get a good grip around him and, honestly, his legs and arms almost gave out on him.

She didn't waste any time setting a pace that was just enough to drive him even crazier than he already was. He was still on top of her, which was probably a weird angle for Jessica to be doing what she was doing, but Steve could still thrust into her hand, and she wasn't complaining.

She was trembling beneath him, but he'd learned that she did that the last time they had done this, so he knew she was okay. Plus, she would have no problem telling him if she didn't like something.

"You feel so amazing," he said, beginning to speed up his thrusts, loving that she sped up her hand to match what he was doing.

"You're the amazing one," she said.

He let out a grunt – part surprise, part pleasure – when he felt her teeth against his shoulder. She was nipping at him, but she was also sucking a bit and he knew he'd probably have a mark there.

A new jolt of pleasure hit him when she twisted her first around him on the upstroke, and warmth coiled low in his stomach. He was very close.

"Keep – keep doing that," he said.

About a moment later his body began stuttering against hers and he couldn't quite stop the sounds coming out of his mouth as he allowed his head to fall against her shoulder.

Eventually his body stilled aside from the small aftershocks of pleasure he was still feeling. Every now and then Jessica would gently stroke him again and even though he was sensitive now it wasn't an unpleasant feeling. He still stopped her when he realized what he had done.

He had come all over her stomach . . . she had let him come all over her stomach. She was probably feeling gross right now even if she had allowed it to happen.

"Oh, God, I'm sorry," he said. "Here –"

He got up, slowly and shakily, and reached into the front seat,

grabbing for napkins he knew he had around there somewhere. They ended up being in the glove compartment, which he didn't keep locked because there was really nothing important in there. Except for napkins – they were really important right now.

Jessica was giggling at him and he turned his head to look at her. She was still flushed and only in her bra, pearly fluid in long lines down her middle, and she just looked so carefree and beautiful that he had to stare for a minute.

"What's funny?"

"That you're freaking out more than I am. It's okay, Steve. I knew what I was doing when I did it. I'm okay. It's – it's not like it's going to hurt me, and it's a part of you, so it's not gross, okay?" Then she scrunched up her nose. "Or it wasn't, but it's getting cold now and I don't want it to dry, so . . . maybe clean it off like you were going to?"

Steve knew how unpleasant cold and drying spunk could be, so he did as she asked before finding her tank-top and giving it to her. She put it back on, but didn't make any other move to get out of the backseat. She just pulled him back down and left butterfly kisses on his face and neck. When she reached his shoulder she pulled back.

"I think I bit you. There's a bruise." She reached for her neck then. "Do I –"

Steve checked, but her skin was fine. They both would be fine. She was unmarked and the mark he had could be hidden under his shirt.

"I meant what I said, you know. You are amazing."

The flush had faded from her face, but it was now making its way back to her cheeks.

"Shut up," she said through her smile. "We're both amazing."

2. Chapter 2

Summary for the Chapter:

This is just Steve getting frustrated with studying and Jessica helping him de-stress.

"I really hate all this!" Steve said, tossing his pencil down on the floor, where everything else was spread out in his living room.

It was a Saturday night and, instead of going out and having a date night, he had agreed to stay at home and have a study night. He'd ordered pizza for Jessica and himself and they had enjoyed dinner and a movie before starting on their homework, but he was definitely not having a good time right now.

Spring break was coming up soon, but their teachers had already begun giving them study packets to complete for exams that were coming up shortly after the break and it was freaking Steve out. He didn't remember much of anything from earlier in the year. Honestly, it hadn't mattered to him then, and it barely mattered to him now, but he was trying for Jessica.

"Steve!" Jessica scolded. "You need to calm down. You're never going to get it if you stress yourself out."

"I'm not stressing myself out," he snapped. "This stupid math packet is what's stressing me out."

He watched as Jessica took a deep breath, grabbed his packet, and pulled it in front of her. He immediately felt bad for snapping at her. She was just trying to help.

They were both seated on the floor, textbooks and packets surrounding them, empty pizza box tossed to the side. They'd been doing math for almost an hour and Steve was just about done with trying. His brain was short circuiting. He and Jessica were working the same problems from the same packet and he couldn't make his answers match hers. It was annoying, made even more so because he knew he'd done this before and he'd gotten it before – he now had a B

in math, thanks to studying with Jessica – but he definitely didn't remember any of it now.

"Okay. Okay, I see where you're having a problem – and it's just a little problem, okay, so . . . take a deep breath and just calm down. You know what you're doing, you're just skipping a step."

It turned out that he was forgetting to add negative signs where there needed to be negative signs, which then messed up his whole answer.

The sigh of relief that left him was so great, he almost felt something unclench from around his heart. So he hadn't really forgotten anything at all, he was just doing the problem too fast and not paying attention to that minor detail. He could live with that; he just needed to be more careful in the future.

"How about we take a break, okay? We have until after Spring break to get all of this done."

Steve thought that was the best idea Jessica had had all night. He got up to put on some music – Queen – and he grinned as Jessica got up to dance with him. She really let herself get lost in the music when she was alone or with just him, and it was entertaining as they decided to put on a concert that no one else could see.

After a much needed twenty-minute break, Steve and Jessica ended up in his bedroom, both of them spread out on the bed. Jessica was reading *The Great Gatsby* to him. They had to have it done by Spring break because they had an essay to write about it while they were off. It wasn't a huge book, so Steve thought it was doable, especially if he kept up with Jessica.

To be honest, though, he wasn't really paying attention and he knew he'd have to reread the sections himself when he had the time. He was more interested in distracting Jessica with neck kisses.

"Steve!" She was smiling even as she was trying to get away. "Come on, we – we need to do this."

"Do we really, though? Tomorrow is Sunday. We can do it tomorrow."

He reached for the book in her hand and actually got a hold of it. He didn't snatch it away, though, because he was waiting for her to decide what she wanted to do. He could behave if he had to.

"Well . . . ten minutes, okay? I actually made a schedule of how many pages we have to read every day to get done by Spring break, so . . ."

Steve grinned. "You're such a nerd."

He took the book and dropped it unceremoniously on the floor beside the bed before leaning in to kiss her neck again. She turned to him and immediately let her hands fly to his hair, where she pulled with only enough force to lead him to her mouth instead.

They stayed that way for a few minutes, their lips locked together, Jessica's hands in his hair, and Steve was content to let it stay that way. He was behaving. It was Jessica who initiated taking it further when she slipped a hand under his shirt and caressed the skin right above his belt.

Whatever happened, whatever they were getting ready to do, Steve was always going to blame it on the fact that she was wearing a skirt. Ever since the last time they'd messed around, the time she'd worn a skirt, he'd always gotten a little excited when he saw her in one. He could probably blame the skirt for him not paying attention to the math they'd been doing earlier as well.

But now, now with Jessica unbuckling his belt and unsnapping his jeans and unzipping them as well, now he was blaming the skirt for him running his hands up and down her legs, letting one slip between her thighs to pet her there – just enough to tease and make her sigh against his mouth.

"Steve?" Her voice was quiet as she pulled away from his lips. "Can we . . . I wanna try something."

"Okay. What're you thinking?"

Jessica's cheeks turned pink before she said, "You're gonna have to take your pants off."

"Okay, I like where this is going."

Jessica's cheeks were pretty much blazing now. He kissed her softly to reassure her that he'd only been teasing and to hopefully make her feel more comfortable in doing something new with him.

Once Steve had pushed his jeans down and off, Jessica gestured for him to move up the bed and relax against the pillows. The way she moved up his body, hands squeezing against his thighs, had him going breathless with how fast his cock was filling out. She skipped right over that though, and began pushing his shirt up so she could caress his stomach as she straddled his lap and sit herself right over his throbbing member.

His arms flew up so he could pull her down for a kiss and she didn't resist even though she did pull away after a few short seconds to sit back up. The movement of her hips caused him to moan, even if it had been minor, but she did it again when he began squirming beneath her.

"Jess? What exactly are you wanting to do here?"

"Just this," she said. "You've . . . you've always taken care of me first and I – I just want to do this for you. You were really stressed out earlier and I know you hate studying, so . . . let me make you feel good."

She'd slowly started circling her hips as she'd been talking and he'd grabbed her sides, following her movements, letting her find her own rhythm.

He was definitely going to blame the skirt for all of this happening. He could feel her there even through his shorts and her panties. It was such a tease, but he loved it, wouldn't change it for anything, especially since Jessica had initiated this and seemed to be having a good time.

She leaned forward and began kissing him again, messing up her rhythm for a few seconds. He helped her find it again, pulling and pushing with his hands on her hips once he'd made his way under her skirt. She gasped when he squeezed and she settled even more firmly against him.

It didn't take long for Jessica to start trembling on top of him, but he didn't know if she'd actually be able to come this way since they'd never tried this before. He just knew he was shaking a little bit himself. There was fire in his belly that he knew meant he wasn't going to last much longer, and even though he knew this was meant for him he still didn't want to leave Jessica unsatisfied.

His hands already placed on her hips, he reached around and squeezed each of her butt cheeks a little harder than was strictly necessary and it had her breath stuttering and her grinding down on him harder and faster, her body slowly tensing and her face screwing up in pleasure as she realized just how she liked it when they were like this.

"Steve, I –"

He moved his hips with hers, not caring that he was going to make a mess in his shorts at this point, and let her go as hard as she needed. The keening noise she made as she started her full body shiver when she reached her peak had him grinning and following after her. He fit so well against her and loved how he throbbed there between her legs. She continued to move against him even after he stopped until he was so sensitive he had to hold her still.

She fell against him then, breath heaving, body still shaking. She kissed his neck gently, moved to his cheek, then to his lips.

"I, um . . . I really liked that," she said. "I liked having you so close."

"That was very nice," he agreed. "You okay?"

"Hm . . . tired. It was kind of a work out."

Steve laughed. "But a fun one?"

"Absolutely." She tried to move then, just to the side, and hissed. "My legs hurt."

"That's because you're a slacker in gym."

He rubbed his hands soothingly over her thighs and smiled when she let out a sound of contentment. He continued for about a minute

before she finally moved off of him. He wished she'd stayed, though, when he felt the mess in his shorts cooling.

He probably should've been embarrassed or something, but Jessica didn't seem to mind and it had been her intention to make him come that way and he'd known it and had let her. At least they were already in his room where he could change right away.

He thought it was cute that she turned her head away when he stripped out of his shorts. Given what they had just done, she had no reason to be shy, but maybe she was just giving him privacy or something.

"I gotta go throw these in the wash real quick," he said.

"Okay. We have to keep reading when you get back. We took more than ten minutes."

Steve stepped closer and kissed her on the forehead. "Whose fault is that? I was totally behaving."

"Shut up," she said, gently hitting his shoulder. "Hurry back."

Steve did as requested and hurried back. He'd picked up a couple of bottles of water and a bag of chips from the kitchen before returning. Jessica was already getting the book ready when Steve got on the bed with her.

They made it through about ten pages before they got distracted again, this time by the fact that they were both tired. They'd eaten the chips and drink the water and had settled on the bed for Jessica to read. Her eyes kept closing and she had to keep jerking herself awake.

Eventually Steve just took the book from her, this time closing it and setting it on the bedside table.

"Sleep," he said. "We can take a nap and then read. Okay?"

"Okay," she said.

The fact that she didn't resist let Steve know just how tired she

actually was. Once she was settled against him, half on top of him, it didn't take her long to fall asleep.

It took Steve a little longer to relax and get comfortable. He kept getting distracted by Jessica's stupid skirt – it really was going to be a problem in the future, he could tell already.

He eventually had to just tell himself to stop being a stupid teenage boy because he wanted to go to sleep and nap with his girlfriend.

Surprisingly, his body listened to him.

3. Chapter Three

Summary for the Chapter:

Steve and Jessica decide to take advantage of his empty house..

"I need a shower," Steve said, pulling into his driveway, Jessica in the passenger seat.

They had just come from one of his home baseball games and, instead of going out and celebrating with the team, they had decided to go back to his place. His parents were coming home for a few weeks the next day so his dad could take care of local business, so he and Jessica thought they could use the house to their advantage for a few hours after his game.

When they got in the house Steve placed his sports bag on the floor near the door before heading straight upstairs with Jessica. He really did want to have a shower. He was sweaty and had sand all over him from the diamond field.

They reached his room and Steve grabbed clean clothes to take with him to the bathroom.

"Did you want to chill in here, or . . ."

"Or?"

"Or . . . you could take a shower with me . . ."

Steve could tell that Jessica was tempted because her cheeks turned pink and she gave him a small smile.

"Can I wash your hair?" she asked.

It was true Steve was particular about his hair, that he spent a lot of time on it, but he also really liked when Jessica played with it. He definitely had no problem with her washing his hair.

When they were finally under the showerhead, perfectly warm water

raining down on them, Jessica did what she'd asked if she could do. She began washing his hair. It was still silky and soft, but she could see hints of brown going down the drain from the sand coming out of his hair and off of his body.

Steve went lax under her hands. She knew her playing with his hair was a good way to help him relax or a good way to turn him on. She was aiming for both at this particular point, but she was also enjoying the feel of his hair flowing through her fingers.

Jessica took care of his back, too, soaping her hands up and running them over his skin, massaging gently, enjoying when he would sigh or moan from the sensations she was giving him. She reached around to wash his front as well, but he turned to face her and brought her in for a kiss.

She felt him half-hard against her stomach. It made her smile against his lips.

"I gotta – I gotta wash you too," Steve said, voice almost a whisper it was so breathless.

She pressed against him and nipped at his bottom lip before speaking.

"Just so you can get me dirty again?"

Steve let out a groan as his head fell against her shoulder.

"Jess . . ."

She giggled. "I'm messing with you. But we are just going to get messy again."

By the time they were done showering they were both ready to get to the bed, but they still took the time to dry off so they wouldn't drip water everywhere going to his bedroom.

Jessica had already come once and was soft and pliant as Steve rubbed the towel over her body. They had tried something new in the shower. When Steve had begun washing her back, he'd pulled her to him and slipped his cock between her thighs, letting it slip against

her clit every once in a while. It had been an awkward position until they'd both picked up the rhythm, which Steve had helped her do by placing his hands on her hips to make her move with him.

They had moved together for a few minutes, but then Steve had let his cock free from her thighs and had reached around her to bring her off with his fingers. It hadn't taken much. She'd really liked what they'd been doing just before.

Now Steve was leading her to the bedroom. She giggled because they were both naked walking through his house. She couldn't believe they were that comfortable with each other, but they were, and she loved it.

He kissed her when they reached his room and wrapped his arms around her. He massaged her back and she arched against him.

"Are you okay to go again?" he asked, moving his lips across her jaw and down her neck, nipping at her pulse point.

"Uh-huh."

She squeezed his arms and pulled her back with her to the bed. She watched as he reached into the bedside table drawer and pulled out a condom packet. He didn't open it yet, just laid it on the bed close by.

He went back to kissing and touching her, his touch so light and teasing it almost tickled.

"Steve!" She jerked away playfully. "Stop teasing!"

"Oh, but it's so fun."

It was the middle of May now, a few weeks after Spring Break, a few weeks after they first had sex, and they had kept things pretty tame. Jessica knew Steve was still going by a pace she was setting, and even though she loved being intimate with Steve she still felt a little out of her league in trying new things. It had been Steve's idea to try what they had in the shower, but she had liked it.

"Steve?"

"Hm?"

He was now nipping at one of her breasts, he even used his teeth on her nipple. It sent a chill down her body and she arched up into him.

"I – um . . . I want to try what we were doing in the shower, except, you know, for real."

He lifted his mouth from her and looked at her.

"You sure?"

She nodded before dragging him up for a kiss, heated and sloppy.

"Turn over," he said and placed a hand on her hip to nudge a little in the direction he wanted her to go.

She had to admit she was a little nervous, having never tried sex this way before, but she knew she was with Steve and that he would make sure she was okay with everything they did.

She relaxed as he started stroking her back and she even moved closer to his hand, arching like a cat does when it is being petted. She jumped in surprise when he pinched one of her butt cheeks and hid her face in his pillow to hide her grin. Steve was being playful. She loved that they could be that way with each other, especially in times like this. They would always be able to have fun with each other, whether they were in the bedroom or not because they could both be playful without becoming self-conscious.

Jessica heard the foil package being torn and then a few short seconds later Steve was grabbing her by the hips and propping her up a little. She opened her legs so he could have easier access and she moved restlessly when all she felt was him nudging against her entrance.

He finally slid inside her, pulling her a little closer with his grip on her hips. Her eyes widened at the initial stretch. They'd made love only a few times since coming back from Spring Break, but it always surprised her, that first push in, and she was always grateful for Steve being gentle and going slow for her because he was – he was big. She didn't have anyone to compare him to, but she knew he was bigger

than average. It was never a problem because he was always good about making sure she was ready, but it still shocked her sometimes, the sensation of being filled.

Her legs shook with the feeling of him sliding all the way in and Steve ran a hand over her back soothingly.

"You okay?"

"I'm – yeah. Just give me a second."

Steve didn't move any more than it took to lean forward and kiss her shoulder, but it was still enough to make Jessica's breath catch in her throat. She reached back, searched for his hip, and squeezed to let him know she liked him where he was, his whole body pressed against hers.

"You can move," she said.

Steve rolled his hips experimentally, and Jessica realized that maybe Steve had never had sex this way before. It was a first they would share together.

"You're so wet," he said, voice rough and husky, and she loved how wrecked he sounded. "And tight."

He was still only really rolling his hips into her, wasn't really withdrawing to thrust back in, but she didn't care. It still felt really good. It felt even better when he slid a hand underneath her and began stroking against her clit. Her body couldn't decide if it wanted to move forward into his hand or backwards against his cock.

Her orgasm washed over her unexpectedly and she let out a cry as her body seized. She grabbed onto the comforter – they hadn't even turned the sheets down before falling on top of it – and just let the feelings take over. They were so strong, she almost felt like sobbing, but in the best way possible.

Steve pushed himself up, grabbed her hips again, and pulled her against him. He finally started thrusting into her, and all she could do was lay there and let him. She was tired, but she still enjoyed everything he was doing. He was hitting all the right places. She

couldn't help but moan almost every time he thrust in. She was so sensitive and she did have tears forming now, but she wasn't going to complain.

She missed having his body so close over hers, but what he was doing now was just as good, if not even better, and it was making her come again, this time so hard she turned her head to bite into the pillow as a sob burst up her chest and out of her mouth.

Apparently, Steve had come too, because his body had stiffened against hers and he had sagged over her, letting his arms catch his weight so he wouldn't smoosh her. He was trembling and she was shivering, but he still kissed across her shoulder. Steve was still half-hard inside of her and she hissed when he pulled out.

She assumed he took care of the condom or at least tossed it in the trash until he could do something else with it, because he flopped onto his side to pull her closer. She was still shaking and her breath was hitching because the tears were still coming, the effects of that last orgasm still going through her.

She turned to bury her face against Steve's chest and he held her closer.

"Jess?"

"I'm okay," she said automatically. "I'm –"

"You're crying."

"I'm okay. I just – I wasn't expecting to like that so much. I promise that's it. Just me being overwhelmed."

She felt his lips over her hair and smiled.

"Did I break you?" he asked, teasing softly.

She huffed out a laugh and shook her head, feeling like it was okay to look up now even though the tear tracks were still on her cheeks.

"As long as you put me back together, you can break me all you want."

This time it was Steve's breath that got caught as he took in her words.

"I can do that," he said. "Are you sure you're okay?"

"Mm-hm."

She didn't know how to describe what she was feeling other than how she'd already described it to him. Overwhelmed.

"I – it was that last one that did it, I think. I didn't know I could, ya know, come like that, so soon in between times and it just hit me hard, I think."

"Yeah, okay, your body liked it. But is your mind okay? You liked what we were doing, or how we were doing it, right? That wasn't why you were crying?"

She wasn't crying anymore, but she was still having very slight shivers every so often.

"My mind liked what we were doing at first better, when you pressed against me. My body liked the other way better, but I mean, I always like when you're closer, so . . ."

She knew the tears had freaked Steve out, made him think that maybe he'd done something wrong or maybe had even hurt her, but she really was okay. It wasn't like he'd pulled those responses from her and just left or kicked her out. He'd held her and was still holding her, rubbing up and down her back and side, and helping her calm down. It was all good. If she hadn't liked it, she would've told him to stop while he was doing it and he would have.

No, it probably wouldn't be her go to position very often in the future, but she'd still liked it.

4. Chapter 4

Jessica watched from the passenger seat of Steve's car as the four boys walked into the theater. The new Indiana Jones movie was out and Dustin, Mike, Lucas, and Will had wanted to see it.

Steve and Jessica had been Dustin's and Lucas's ride, but Mike had ridden his bike there and had locked it to the rack outside. Will, of course, had been dropped off by Jonathan. Now she and Steve had a little over two hours to spare before they had to meet them back at the theater.

She already knew that she and Steve were going to head back to his place – it being empty of his parents again – and she knew what they were going to do.

Considering how much time they spent together they didn't actually get to have sex a lot at all – probably less than most teenagers did – because they weren't usually together alone. They were always either at home with Dustin and their mom or somewhere else with other people.

They had to make up for lost time whenever they could.

Neither one of them were ever really desperate for it because they loved doing other stuff together as well, but they did make use of whatever time they had when they were alone.

Which was why they wasted no time when they arrived at his house and got inside. Well, almost no time. He did ask if she needed anything first, but she just shook her head and moved in to kiss him.

He wrapped his arms around her waist and pulled her closer as her hands went to his hair.

"My room, or . . ."

"Of course your room," she said. "Come on."

She took his hand and began leading him up the stairs. She already knew that he would have a boyish grin on his face as he followed.

She loved that boyish grin.

By the time they made it to his room they were both shirtless. They'd thrown them somewhere on the staircase she was sure, giggling like lovesick teenagers because that was what they were. His parents weren't expected back, so it was okay for them to leave clothing everywhere.

Jessica latched her mouth onto the pulse point on his neck and nibbled a little. It earned her a gasp and a small shiver from Steve, and it made her smile. They were usually still careful about not leaving marks on each other, but she knew he still liked when she nipped at him.

He pulled her closer to him by slipping his hands down her butt and under it. She'd worn a skirt – mostly because she'd found out he really liked when she wore them – so she could feel his fingertips on her bare skin under her panties. This time she was the one gasping. She didn't know why, but she loved when he squeezed her butt. Sometimes it wasn't even sexual and it still felt good when he squeezed her there. She was just glad Steve wasn't the type to do that in public – he loved hugging and holding hands and even kissing, but he never did anything overtly sexual. That wasn't how he showed the world they belonged to each other.

She began walking forwards, pushing Steve along until the back of his knees hit the bed. She urged him to sit, which he did, breaking her lips away from his neck. There was a small red mark there, but it wasn't bad enough to bruise; she hadn't bitten him that hard.

Steve's hands shifted from her behind to her hips and he looked up at her with a small smile as he squeezed there too. She also liked him gripping her there. Well, she liked him gripping anywhere on her body. She just liked him touching her in some way all the time – and again, it didn't have to be sexual at all. She just liked his hands on her. She liked having her hands on him. They were in love, of course they wanted to be touching each other.

She climbed onto Steve's lap, her skirt lifting as she straddled him, and Steve moved his hands again, this time under her skirt to massage her thighs. She let out a moan as it both soothed and

aroused her before she claimed his mouth with hers. As they always did when she and Steve kissed, her hands found their way to his hair. She tugged on it the way she knew he liked and he pulled her more firmly against him.

She moved against his hand when he felt him press his palm against her center through her underwear. He quickly moved her panties to the side so he could touch her skin and she let out a sound that was akin to a whimper, but she would deny it later.

He soon had two fingers inside of her and she was attempting to move with him. She didn't think it would be so hard or tiring, her following along as she was straddling him, but it actually was. Her legs were getting sore and stiff, but the pleasure outweighed the slight uncomfortableness.

The way she was settled on top of him made it easy for him to move his palm against her clit as he used his fingers inside and she knew she wasn't going to last long against the stimulation.

Steve was kissing along her jaw now, stopping to whisper in her ear, "You have no idea how good you look right now," and "You're always so good for me," and cursing before letting her know how wet she was for him.

It wasn't just his words that had her clenching around him; it was his voice. She liked his voice anyway, but his sex voice was, well, sexy. It was rough and low like his sleep voice, but it wasn't groggy as if he'd just woken up because he hadn't. He was fully aware and alert.

She shook as her orgasm took her over and she was glad when Steve wrapped one of his arms around her to keep her steady. She wasn't really concentrating on her balance at the moment and it would've been embarrassing if she'd toppled off of him. They would have had a good laugh, but it still would've been embarrassing.

Steve continued moving his fingers in and out of her slowly to work her through her climax and she pretty much just slumped against him when she was done. Her arms were around his neck, her hands now clutching at his shoulders.

Her hips were still rolling a little even after Steve pulled his hand away. She'd situated herself more fully against him and was moving against the hardness that was still contained in Steve's jeans.

Her head fell against the spot right under his chin and she kissed him softly before speaking.

"I – I wanted to maybe try being on top today, but I don't think I can," she said. "My legs hurt every time we do this."

"You're just not used to it," Steve said, rubbing up and down her thighs again before moving under them and swooping her up and moving her underneath him.

It took her breath away and made her laugh, the sudden shift. She didn't know why, but she liked when he did things like that. It made her feel small, knowing he could pick her up and maneuver her how he wanted her, but the feeling was never a bad thing because she trusted him to never use his strength to hurt her.

He was massaging her thighs again and she pretty much just melted against the mattress. It felt good against her tired muscles.

"Are you able to go again right now?" he asked.

"Give me a couple minutes?"

"Absolutely," he said and began kissing her neck, right under her ear, and tickling her a little bit. "You know, if we ever do get around to you getting to be on top, you have to wear a skirt again."

She giggled. "Why?"

"Do you know how hot it would be if you kept it on while you –"

"Steve!"

"Well, it would be."

Her after tremors were gone now and she'd calmed down a bit, but Steve still continued kissing down her neck towards her bra-covered breasts.

"On or off?" he asked.

She raised her back up off the mattress in response and Steve reached behind her to unclasp the bra before helping her pull it off. He immediately let his head fall down to her breasts so he could take a nipple into his mouth while he massaged the other one between his fingers. Her hands flew to his hair like she wanted to keep him there, so he continued what he was doing.

She quickly became restless beneath him, began moving her hips against his again, seeking friction she couldn't get with the position they were in.

"Steve, I –" She groaned. "It's been a couple minutes."

He took that to mean she was ready so he slid down a little further to grab hold of her skirt. He debated leaving it on, but he knew they shouldn't. They had to pick Dustin and Lucas back up and they would probably notice if her skirt was all wrinkly. They would have to live out that particular fantasy when they had time and didn't have to meet up with anybody.

After pulling the skirt and panties down her legs, Steve worked on his jeans and boxers before grabbing a condom from the bedside table, ripping the foil open and rolling the condom on.

He leaned back over her then, one arm on each side of her head, and she leaned up to meet his lips in a kiss. When she lifted her hips against his, he reached down to guide himself inside of her. A punched-out breath left her mouth and he stopped.

"Hurts?" he asked.

"No, I'm – I'm just sensitive. Don't stop."

He continued more slowly than he had been going before, but he eventually bottomed out and he did stop moving then so she could have time to adjust to him.

"You tell me if it's too much," he said. "Don't let me make you cry again."

He hadn't really told her, but the time she'd started crying in the middle of the very nice sex they were having had freaked him out. He'd thought he'd hurt her or maybe she hadn't really wanted to be having sex, and he'd been so relieved when he'd found out she'd just been enjoying herself a little too much.

Jessica moved her legs up to wrap around him, locking her feet on his hips, and pulled him closer. She didn't give him much room to move, so he knew she wanted him to just roll his hips right now.

Once he started moving, she arched her back and let out a small moan, grabbing onto his arms and gripping hard enough for him to feel her nails but not hard enough for them to hurt.

He took his cues from her and began rocking more urgently into her when she loosened the grip of her legs.

"Steve!" She cursed and dug her nails even harder into his arms, but she still wasn't hurting him. "Don't stop."

He felt her trembling under him and reached down to rub slow circles over her clit. She almost immediately tightened around him and he watched her throw her head back against the pillow and open her mouth in a silent scream as she came.

They had never come at the same time before, but he was usually not far behind her. The feel of her pulsing around him as she reached her climax was usually enough to cause him to fall over the edge as well. It wasn't any different this time.

She didn't release her legs from around his waist right away, almost like she wanted to keep him inside her, and he didn't complain. She caressed up and down his back as they both came down while he pressed soft kisses down her neck and all over her chest.

The vice-like grip she had around him eventually loosened and her legs splayed out over the bed. He slowly pulled out of her and she let out a small gasp. He rolled off of her and moved to the side, took off the condom to tie it off and trash it, before he laid down to pull her close.

They were both still breathing a little heavily and they were both a little sweaty, but neither cared as they held each other, as Jessica laid her head on his chest.

"Can we just lay here until we have to leave?" she asked.

"If that's what you want." He rubbed up and down her arm. "You don't want water or anything?"

"Not right now."

She moved to kiss his chest once before biting down lightly on the skin.

"Jess!"

She giggled before kissing him again on the place she's just bitten.

"Sorry. I couldn't resist."

"Uh-huh. Well, unless you want to go again, don't do things like that."

"Okay, okay. I'll behave. I love you."

"Mm. I love you too."

5. Chapter 5

Steve was seated at the kitchen table of the Henderson household with Jessica and her mom. They had received the first letter from Dustin since he'd left for summer camp.

It was mostly letting them know he was having a good time and that he'd already made some friends. He was studying space at the moment and would be making something called a galaxy jar. He thought Jessica would like it, so he was planning on giving it to her.

Jessica had decided to write her brother a letter back, so Steve was enjoying a sandwich her mom had made for him while she did that.

"Tell the nerd I said hi," he said.

Jessica kicked him lightly under the table. "I'll tell Dustin you said hi."

Steve had to admit he missed the little dude. He didn't miss his almost constant interfering when he was around, but Dustin held a certain charm as Jessica's younger brother.

"Let me know when you're done," her mom said, "so I can take it to the post office."

Ms. Henderson had already packed a care package for Dustin filled with snacks and extra bug spray and whatever else he may need for camp. Jessica was sending him a new comic book along with her letter.

"Will do."

Her mom went into the living room then and Jessica stopped writing for a bit.

"What do you wanna do for your birthday?"

"I haven't really thought about it."

"Steve! It's gonna be your eighteenth birthday."

"Well, what were you planning?"

"I was thinking maybe doing like we did for me. Have a party-type thing with your friends and all, and then have, you know, us after . . . but it's up to you because it's your birthday."

This time Steve nudged her with his foot. When he spoke, his voice was quiet but playful.

"What kind of 'us' stuff are we going to get up to?"

Jessica's cheeks pinkened even as she looked at him.

"We won't get up to anything if you're just going to tease me about it."

"But it'll be my birthday," he said, placing a hand over his heart and pretending to be hurt.

"I know. I'm planning it, I'm planning it."

They talked for a few more minutes, before Jessica went back to writing her letter.

Once Jessica's mom left to go to the post office, Steve and Jessica moved to the living room and onto the couch. She almost immediately began playing with his hair. It was one of his favorite things that she did. It could relax him and turn him on at the same time.

His body made up it's mind to be turned on when she pulled him closer for a kiss. It didn't help matters at all when she grabbed onto his bottom lip with her teeth and pulled at it gently.

Where had that come from? Neither one of them were into being aggressive in these moments.

"That was for teasing me earlier."

"Well," he said, licking at the wetness of his lips, "consider that lesson learned."

"Uh-huh."

She tugged on his hair, enough for him to know she wanted him to lean his head back. His hands went to her hair as well when she latched onto his neck, nipping hard enough to jolt his system but not hard enough to hurt.

"Jess," he said, his voice hitching. "Your mom, she could be back any minute."

"No, we have at least twenty minutes."

"I thought you said your house was off limits."

"Well, yeah, when we're not alone in the house."

Jessica was still nuzzling against his neck and scratching against his scalp, making it hard for him to focus on the fact that he actually had a reason they needed to slow down.

When he playfully mentioned her wanting a quicky she told him to shut up and follow her upstairs.

It wasn't that he didn't want to. Jessica was being lovable and affectionate and was turning him on on purpose. He didn't want to discourage that. He liked that she was initiating things. However . . .

"Jess, I don't actually have a condom right now. I thought we couldn't . . . here."

She kissed him again, quickly this time, before standing up. At first he thought that was it, play time was over. Then he noticed the mischievous expression.

"We don't have to have sex to make each other feel good. Now, come on."

She turned around and quickly went towards the stairs. Steve couldn't help the grin that took over his lips as he got up to follow her.

Jessica wasted no time pushing Steve gently towards the bed and

down onto it when they got to her room.

Steve had no clue what had gotten into his girlfriend, but he wasn't going to complain. Jessica had become a lot more open to physical intimacy since spring break, which he guessed made sense. They had been together for the first time over the break, and she had enjoyed their time together.

When Jessica slid her hands down his chest, reached under his shirt, and grabbed at his belt to unbuckle it, Steve's hips shot up involuntarily.

"Jess?"

"I said we were going to make each other feel good." She looked at him. "So let me make you feel good."

Steve didn't know what else to do but nod and lie back to enjoy whatever was about to happen.

Once Jessica had Steve's jeans undone – belt, button, and zipper – she moved back up to his shirt, pushing it up a little. She left a few kisses on his stomach. His muscles jerked a bit because it tickled. She grinned against his skin.

Steve almost choked on air when she lifted his shirt and said, "Hold this. We don't want to make a mess," and began to push at his jeans.

He lifted his hips to help her along and she began scooting down his body so she could slide them all the way off. His cock twitched in his shorts as she slid her hands up his legs, scratching a little when she reached his thighs.

"Why're you being such a tease?" he asked softly.

"I'm not," she said. "I'm . . . I want to try something."

"Okay . . ."

He looked at her and noticed the nervous but determined look she had on her face. His body tightened and his breathing stuttered when she ran her palm over his length a few times.

"Can I take these off?" she asked, bringing her hands up to the waistband of his shorts.

"Go for it," he said, lifting his hips again, closing his eyes.

She continued to caress his legs, only she was using her lips now, too, and her teeth. It made him shake a bit. As if he hadn't been aroused enough before.

She let one hand rest on his hip and she squeezed a little, making him look at her again.

"Okay?"

"Definitely."

He let his head fall back again once she got a grip on him and began stroking him. It didn't take him long to begin moving his hips to the rhythm she'd created.

"Jess?" he hissed when he felt her warm breath glide over his length.

His eyes shot open and she stilled her movements.

"Steve?"

Was she about to do what he thought she was about to do?

"Still okay?" Her voice was shaky and hesitant. "I want to, you know? But I don't want to . . . you know I've never –"

"Hey," he said. "It's okay."

He knew that no matter how confident she'd been acting, she really was nervous to try something new. Especially this type of new.

He reached down to cup her cheek and she leaned into his hand.

"Don't do anything you don't want to do, and don't force it. Okay?"

She nodded and pulled away a little. Steve let his hand rest on her hair, holding it back for her when she moved closer to his now throbbing member.

He watched as her tongue darted out and ghosted over the underside of his cock. His stomach clenched the way it did when something felt really good. His hand tightened in her hair, but he didn't push or tug, and she looked at him now, question in her eyes.

"It's good, Jess. You're doing so good."

He couldn't stop the moan from coming out when she slid her tongue up once more, this time swirling it over the head of his cock. He thrust up, breaching her lips just a bit, and Jessica pulled back from the intrusion.

"Sorry," he said. "Sorry."

"No, I – I just wasn't expecting that."

She leaned back down and opened her mouth to let him in on her own.

Steve could tell she was still nervous and her mouth was timid, her movements shy, so he tried to keep his hips under control.

She pulled away again, only to look down at the pre-cum beading at the slit there. Steve couldn't help it; he leaked a lot when he was aroused.

She very deliberately leaned down to lick it up. She scrunched her nose up a bit and said, "So that's what I was tasting."

"Sorry."

Steve laughed even through his excitement and she grinned as well. It seemed that small moment had relaxed Jessica enough to go back to what she'd been doing.

The only other time she stopped was when she got frustrated because she ended up gagging at his size when she tried to take him further down her throat.

"It won't all fit."

"No," he said and grinned. "Not yet. This is your first time. I told you

not to force it."

He grabbed her hand and slid it around his cock so he could move her hand with his.

"Steve?"

"I'm close, anyway, so unless you want me in your mouth . . ."

"Oh . . ." After all that, she blushed at the thought of him coming in her mouth. "Not . . . not this time."

She gripped him more firmly and he let her set the pace now, but he still followed her hand with his own. He no longer controlled the movements of his hips and began chasing his release.

His breathing turned into panting and he couldn't help the sounds he made.

"You sound so good right now," Jessica said. "I love all your little noises."

She began sliding her thumb over the head of his cock every time she reached it, and Steve felt fire build in his belly and in the base of his spine.

"Jess!"

He pulled his shirt up to his mouth and bit down as he felt himself reach his release. He still mumbled around it as his hips shot off the bed. He heard her yelp a little as she was jostled, but she began to giggle as well. It hadn't stopped her from stroking him, but she did slow down a bit.

She didn't really stop until she made him whimper from oversensitivity and then she was reaching up and over him for a tissue to clean him up.

He was not going to protest. He was spent in more ways than one. He didn't want to move. He barely had the presence of mind to breathe. It was a good thing that was a natural bodily function.

He still found the strength to kiss Jessica when she pressed her lips to his, and he still held her when she laid beside him.

"You should, uh, get dressed once you feel more . . . energetic," she teased.

"But you didn't –"

Jessica shook her head and kissed his cheek.

"Mom will be here soon. You can owe me one."

He guessed he really should get dressed before her mom came home then.

6. Chapter 6

"You can get in now," Jessica said after sticking her head out from behind the shower curtain.

Steve had explained why he had a hard time letting her know when something was bothering him, had reminded her how alone he'd always been growing up. He'd gotten used to feeling as if he had to handle everything on his own.

That habit wouldn't break overnight even if he knew he could talk to her about anything. She just wished he hadn't let her plan his party in his backyard and she wished she'd thought about why he wouldn't want to swim in his pool. She should have made the connection. She shouldn't have had to be told.

Jessica reached up to lock her hands at the back of his neck once he got in, and his hands fell to her waist. He was already half-hard just from her having undressed in front of him, and his cock got caught up between them when he pulled her closer.

"I'm sorry I made you feel like I didn't trust you," he said. "That's not true at all. I trust you more than I've ever trusted anyone."

She pressed her mouth to his neck and bit down gently. She felt him shiver, causing her to smile.

She scratched against his scalp and said, "Let me wash your hair?"

Steve let her tilt his head back and he hummed as the warm water wet his hair. She could feel him against her, still caught between their bellies, beginning to fill out even more. He really liked when she played with his hair.

Once she was done washing and rinsing his hair, he slicked it back so it would be out of his face. He leaned down to kiss her and she met him half-way, hands back in his hair, defeating the purpose of him having slicked it back.

Steve slid one hand up her side, leaving the other on her waist. He

stopped to caress one of her breasts before sliding the hand to the back of her neck to hold her more firmly against him.

Jessica pushed lightly against his shoulders and pulled away from the kiss.

"Steve, I . . . What about your mom?"

"She's downstairs. She won't bother us up here."

Jessica knew that Steve's mom suspected they were having sex, anyway, but they had never actually messed around when either of their parents had been around.

"We should be quick, though," she said, grinning, "and really, really quiet."

She began to reach down to grasp his cock, but he grabbed her wrist.

"I was kind of hoping to make it to the bed," he teased. "I still owe you one."

"Oh, um . . ."

Jessica's breath caught in her throat as her heart skipped a few beats and warmth filled her stomach.

"Let me wash off. I'll be quick."

"Don't worry about it. I am definitely enjoying the view."

"You're such a goof."

She began dragging the rag over her body, and somewhere in the middle of it all Steve took over, only he washed her with his hands and not the rag. He teased her a little when he washed and rinsed between her legs. She leaned more against him when her knees began to tremble.

"Steve, come on. That's really not fair because you don't want me touching you."

"Later," he said. "Let's take care of you first."

That was probably the best idea he'd ever had – or at least to her lust-filled brain it was – and they hurried out of the shower to dry off.

Steve wrapped a towel around his waist and she wrapped one underneath her arms. He opened the door to peek outside and then gestured for her to follow him. The coast was obviously clear, so they ran to his room. He closed and locked the door.

Jessica's mom would've had a fit if she'd done that at her house.

Steve pulled her to him almost immediately, drawing her in for a kiss. Her towel loosened but didn't fall as she pushed her hands through his still wet hair.

It didn't really matter that the towel had stayed on because Steve tugged at it and it gave way. She shivered as the air hit her body. She just moved in closer to steal the warmth Steve's body always seemed to radiate.

Steve's own towel did almost nothing to hide or restrain his erection, so Jessica reached down to tug at the material until he was completely bare too.

Steve slid his hands down and around to cup her bottom and then squeezed, causing her to arch towards him.

She was actually on her tip toes when he began leading her back towards the bed. Once there, he sat her down and gently pushed her until she was flat on her back, legs hanging off the side of the bed.

"Steve?"

He was leaning down now too, one knee on the bed, and he latched onto her neck with his lips. It was arousing but also ticklish, and it made her squirm. She settled when he began massaging her breasts, both at the same time. It felt good in more ways than one. She'd let him do it all day if he wanted to . . . if only they had all day.

Right. His mom was home.

"I thought we had to be quick."

"No. You said we needed to be quick," he muttered against her skin.
"We just need to be quiet."

Being quiet was really hard to do, though, with Steve caressing pretty much everywhere he could reach. It became even harder when he slid down her body and to the floor, got on his knees in front of her.

He'd opened her legs enough for him to fit between them and was now leaning over enough to be able to kiss and nip at her stomach and hips. She knew what he was working towards, had known the second he'd said he wanted to take care of her first, that he owed her one.

It had her shaking in anticipation. Steve may have mistaken it for nerves because his touch became more soothing as he caressed her thighs. It was sweet but not what she needed just then.

After a few seconds of that, Steve slid his hands under her only to pull her forward to the point where she was basically hanging off the bed. She had to stop a squeak from coming out of her mouth. She knew he wouldn't let her fall, but the sudden movement had startled her a bit.

He brought one of her legs up and over his shoulder and then the other one before beginning to nibble at her thighs. It sent heat straight to her core and her heart picked up speed.

And he'd called her a tease, she thought. She couldn't keep from squirming underneath him.

"You're so impatient," he said, but he was grinning when she looked at him so she knew he really didn't care.

She arched her hips towards him. Steve obviously decided to take pity on her because he brought one hand up to press against her folds. She immediately moved against his palm.

"You know what I want to do?" he asked, voice rough but serious.

"Mm-hm."

"You're okay with it?"

"Yes. Yes!"

"Good."

Jessica watched as he spread her legs open a little wider, lowered his head, and then he was right there, and –

"Steve!"

Her hands flew down to tangle in his hair, pulling just enough for Steve to get pleasure from it. He hummed at the feeling, which was a whole other sensation, and she moved against his mouth.

Steve slid his tongue over her, entrance to clit, and she had to bite her lip to keep from crying out. It didn't stop her from cursing when he started paying more attention to her clit.

Steve had done this before, she could tell. His tongue was too sure in its movements for him not to have. She didn't care at the moment. She was reaping the benefits of his experience.

When Steve added his fingers into the mix, she knew she wasn't going to last much longer. At first it was just one and, very shortly after, there were two. Sliding in. Sliding out.

She whimpered once he touched that spot inside that she hadn't known existed until Steve had found it the first time they'd been together.

She had to cover her mouth as he continued his ministrations. They really should have done this some other time. She wanted to scream, let Steve know how good he was making her feel, but she wasn't allowed.

He lifted his mouth from her, long enough to get her attention, and he locked gazes with her before going back to driving her crazy. Only it was even more intense now because she was looking at him while he was doing it.

He was still doing that thing with his fingers that she loved, only he'd

added one more finger, making it three now, and her body tightened at the stretch. It was good. It was always good.

Her legs began to shake, and her hips shot up off the bed as she came – probably harder than she ever had. Steve just moved along with her, though he did keep her from moving too much when he put a hand over her abdomen press her back down.

She had to bite her own hand to keep her noises in. Her eyes watered, not from pain, but from having to keep herself contained.

Steve had caught her clit between his lips and was flicking his tongue back and forth, and his fingers were still sliding in and out and he kept it up until she finally turned to mush. Even then he continued, just at a much slower pace, though he did lift his head up to look at her.

His lips were glistening and his face was flushed, eyes shining with lust and a much more important emotion.

She reached down to grab his wrist, groggily stopping his movements, stopping his fingers. She needed to breathe.

Her chest was heaving, she was breathing so hard, and she couldn't stop trembling. It didn't help that Steve was making his way back up her body now, stopping to place a kiss every now and then. It wasn't fair. He was making her want him, even though she was still tingling for her first orgasm.

She wanted him, but she wasn't quiet enough to have him.

As it was, she could feel Steve begin to jerk himself off overtop of her, so she looked down between them to watch. The tip of his cock was red and he'd been neglected for too long. He came quickly, releasing onto her tummy.

His mouth fell to hers and he kissed her almost frantically. He was trying to stop from making noises, so at least she wasn't the only one having trouble.

They really should have waited to do this. They were both way too vocal to do this with anyone around.

Jessica held him to her, both trembling now, and began rubbing his back as he kissed her more slowly and then eventually not at all. He just let his head fall to her shoulder, and they just breathed together, each coming down at their own pace. She continued caressing his skin and he kissed her shoulder, no intent behind it.

Suddenly Jessica began to laugh.

"What's so funny?" Steve asked, looking at her with a soft smile.

"I think we need another shower."

Steve scoffed and let his head fall back to her shoulder.

"I'll clean us up in a minute. I gotta – I gotta learn to walk again."

He had worn both of them out.

7. Chapter 7

Jessica had most of her body draped over Steve's, her head on his naked chest, a bare leg over one of his. She played her fingers over his chest, her hand rising and falling to the rhythm of his breath.

One of Steve's hands was in her hair, fingers occasionally stopping to massage against her scalp.

They had gone to his house after having had a nice picnic at a park outside of Hawkins even if the day had been hot and humid. They'd meant to take a shower, but it had been one of those times where kissing had very quickly led to other things and now they were cuddling and falling in and out of sleep.

Steve's parents had come in that week but had only stayed for a day or two and now Steve and Jessica were enjoying the empty house.

Steve kissed her forehead when she lifted up slowly to look at him. She smiled softly before placing her head back on his chest. She couldn't help feeling safe and warm with him.

"We should probably take a shower at some point."

Her skin had that unpleasant feeling of dried sweat on it. Steve's skin had to feel the same. He was probably more used to it, being into sports and all, but the feeling was probably still not great.

"Mm."

Steve's hand fell from her hair to her back, where he traced up and down her spine a few times. She shivered at the ticklish sensation before moving her head to press a kiss against his neck.

Steve was almost completely relaxed, eyes closed, soft smile on his lips, and Jessica decided a shower could wait. He was beautiful to look at in his contentment.

"Steve?"

"Hm?"

"Are you going back to sleep?"

"Maybe."

She grinned, shook her head, nipped at his neck this time instead of kissing it, and Steve jerked a little bit before pulling her more fully on top of him. Both of her legs were between his now.

"Well, I was going to go to sleep."

"Steve."

She was still in a position where she could lie comfortably against him. Both of his arms were around her now and she had crossed her arms under her face, her chin resting on her hands so she could look up at him.

When looking was no longer enough she leaned up to press her lips against his. She felt him smile because he still smiled into their kisses, and she still loved when he did that. It was adorable and it filled her with warmth, had her sending him a return smile.

They fell into quiet giggles as Steve's hands moved to cup her bottom and squeeze. Her giggles cut off quite abruptly as her breath caught in her chest.

"So . . . I'm assuming we're not showering anytime soon?"

"I don't think so."

She kissed him again, beginning to caress him now, moving to straddle his waist. She felt as he began to harden.

Now that she'd positioned herself above him, Steve moved his hands to her hips, moved them up and down her thighs multiple times.

She hummed against his mouth before pulling up and away to situate them so she could move against him, have his cock slide between her folds as she moved back and forth.

Steve cursed and then, "Jess, condom."

He reached over towards the bedside table, searched the drawer, and pulled one out. She took it from him, continuing her movements, moaning a little every time he slid against her clit.

She knew Steve would be able to last longer than normal since he'd already come recently, but she still didn't tease him for long. No matter what kind of stamina her boyfriend had, she knew her legs would grow tired quickly.

"Now?" she asked him.

"Yes." Steve seemed almost relieved. He'd been letting her play. "Need you."

Once she'd rolled the condom onto him, Steve reached down to hold himself in place for her to easily slide onto. Mostly easily, anyway.

There was more pressure this way, made her legs shake at the stretch and how deeply she could feel him inside.

This time she was the one who cursed.

"Okay?"

Steve was rubbing up and down her sides, running his thumbs over the undersides of her breasts when he reached them.

"Yeah, I'm – it's a lot," she said. "Feels like . . . more."

"Too much?"

"No. Give me a second."

Steve was always patient when they made love, always made sure she was okay, would never hurt her that way, would never forgive himself if he did. She could stop everything right then and Steve wouldn't be angry – disappointed maybe, but not angry.

As it was, Steve grabbed her hands and intertwined their fingers, letting her squeeze. She hadn't realized her hands were shaking as well.

"Steve?"

She was seeking guidance now.

"You look so beautiful," he said. "Just start slow when you're ready, okay? Roll your hips, like before."

She could do that, at least, so she did.

He moved inside of her, but only slightly. It still caused her to clench around him, caused her to curse again.

"Good?" Steve asked, voice rough and low.

"Always," she answered.

Steve rolled his hips under her, kicking her breath out of her lungs. She released his hands so she could place hers on his chest to help balance herself as she picked up the pace of her hips.

She had adjusted to the stretch now, but the pressure from having him so deeply inside was still there. It wasn't bad and it didn't hurt, but she definitely wasn't used to it.

She did like that Steve seemed to be enjoying what she was doing if the noises he was making were anything to go by. Panting, moaning, cursing.

"You're doing so good, Jess," he said, hands squeezing her hips. "Feel so good."

"You too," she said, breathing heavily. "Steve, I want – I don't know if I can go faster on my own."

"You want faster?" Steve almost grunted.

"Yes. Yes, please."

Steve bent his legs at the knee and she was able to lean back a little, taking some of the pressure off of her legs.

"Is it okay if I –" He lifted his hips up to thrust into her.

"Oh, that's – that's so much better than okay."

"Come here."

He gently pulled her down to him so their chests touched and so they could kiss again, and this? She liked this, being so close to him, and it finally started feeling as good as it normally did.

She moved along with him as long as she could, but eventually Steve just locked his arms around her and held her more firmly against him, continuing to thrust up into her.

Her climax was intense and it hit her fast. The cry she let out was filled with surprise and pleasure. Steve continued even as she began to shake and she knew he was chasing his own release now that she was taken care of.

She wasn't sure if she had multiple orgasms or one that was drawn out, but by the time she was done, her body had melted against Steve's. He was clutching her more tightly and she could feel him pulsing inside of her as he came.

She clenched around him just to hear the sound he would make. Only when he slowed his movements did she lift up a bit to kiss him again, just quick little pecks on his lips, his cheeks, his neck.

He was smiling when she looked at him.

She went on kissing whatever skin she could reach and he unwrapped his arms from around her so he could rub her back instead.

They stayed that way, their bodies coming down, breath becoming normal again, until Steve moved so he could slip out. She winced a bit, her legs and other places feeling sore.

"Do you need help getting off?"

"I think we're both covered in that department."

Steve huffed. "You've got jokes now?"

"Mm. I would like help moving."

"Okay. I'm gonna flip us over."

He did so slowly, and when she was situated comfortably he reached down to remove the condom and tie it off before throwing it away.

"You still want that shower?" Steve teased, moving to his side of the bed.

"No," Jessica grumbled. "Sleep."

He laughed a little, opening his arms up as she reclaimed the position she'd had before they'd begun their lovemaking: her head on his chest.

"Okay. We can sleep."